

STORIES OF THE INAUGURALS.

By MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

Copyrighted, 1900, by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

William McKinley.

With this letter we come to the end of the story of the Inaugurals, which has covered 112 years of the history of this Republic.

The constant reader of these stories since the Inauguration of George Washington, April 30, 1789, has been in touch with the onward march of this Republic. The evolution of civilization has been practically marked every four years since the morning of April 30, 1789, dawned upon a waiting, anxious multitude, which poured into the City of New York to witness the first Presidential Inaugural ceremonies.

For the benefit of those who may not have seen the first story, we will repeat how it came about that the 4th of March was selected as Inaugural Day.

After the ratification of the Constitution by the several States, the Congress of the old Confederation fixed upon the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the choice of electors; the first Wednesday in February for the voting by the electors, and the first Wednesday in March for the Inauguration of the President. The latter day fell on the 4th that year, and the 12th amendment to the Constitution settled upon this as the legal date.

George Washington should have been inaugurated March 4, but many of the States were backward in getting their representatives to the ground, and a quorum was not present until April 6. Washington did not receive the news of his election until April 14. Two days later he left Mount Vernon, arriving in New York, April 23.

April 30 is therefore an historic day in this Republic, and Congress might with reason, beside the 4th of July, have that day the Nation's festival day. Washington's Inaugural was attended with all the pomp and parade, military and civic, that could be mustered into service, and for that time surpassed any function that had been incorporated officially.

The inauguration of Thomas Jefferson was the first to take place in the Capital City.

The records of the day say that at high noon the President-elect, Thomas Jefferson, accompanied by the heads of the District of Columbia, and a long procession of military officers and men in civic authority, came into the Senate Chamber. It was that everybody subject to be enrolled in the Government service answered present when the procession was in line, but we must not forget that this was in the early morning of this Republic, and when we remember that the November before, when the Sixth Congress took up its abode at the Capital, the Government officials numbered 54 persons, including the President, Secretaries and various clerks, it could not have been a very imposing body, as far as numbers went, that escorted the President-elect, Thomas Jefferson, to the Capitol; neither could it, hardly, be placed to his credit, the lack of greater ceremony. They did the best they could with the material at hand, and if Jefferson found, as some say, or rode, and tied his own horse, as others say, this plebeian manner was evidently one of Hobson's choice; his brother-in-law, James Madison, was at the head of the procession, and the mud of Virginia with the magnificent four-in-hand, which he was sent to purchase by Jefferson for the occasion, for which he paid \$1,000. But luck it was for the Jeffersonian party that mud was monarch in Old Virginia. Without it Jeffersonian simplicity could never have been heard of in the land.

We have never seen a picture of Jefferson that did not represent him in knee-breeches, buckles, low-cut shoes, ruffled cravats, and a powdered wig. He was a member of his family that he was most punctilious regarding his personal appearance. If he appeared on this Inaugural day in "coarse and homely" leather shoes, and other articles of wearing apparel in keeping, we are wondering if he threw away his usual apparel to make an impression. We prefer to believe all this stuff the concoction of an imaginative mind. Jefferson was the only President that adhered to the rules of etiquette as to public dress on the subject, which is in vogue today.

Circumstances were the governing power of events in those days to a degree that would not be possible in our march of progress along the different paths in civilization which marks the epochs of history are not more plainly photographed in the Inaugural than in the play offered to please the eye and whim of the citizens of the Republic in its quadrennial festival of Inaugural Day.

When President McKinley rode from the White House to the Capitol on March 4, 1901, attended by the old veterans and military bodies, and cheered by tens of thousands who thronged to see him, honor and view the wonderful spectacle of the city Beautiful in gala dress, he was celebrating the 100th anniversary of that ceremony in which George Washington, a hundred years ago, Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President.

Washington a hundred years ago was a muddy village, and the Inaugural that christened its arena was a tame affair. Enthusiasm did not run high in politics, for there had been a tie in the vote of Congress. The tie was broken by some writers have asserted, between Jefferson and Adams, but it was between Jefferson and Burr, each getting 73 votes. John Adams got 65 votes and Charles C. Pinckney 64 votes. Had Mr. Jefferson received one vote more than Burr, which Burr's ambition prevented, the dilemma would have been President Burr, and he would have been thrown into the House for settlement, and on the 30th ballot Jefferson was elected.

It left an angry acrimony feeling. There were no features in the day, and no want of concert of action, except those provided by the law. There are other things beside the apostrophized "hitching strap" and Inaugural processions which history says Jefferson would have eliminated of which his followers today say little. Among them his effort with his followers to assail the Supreme Court with repealing statutes and proposed constitutional amendments. He moored the heavy in the Potomac, and would gladly have dragged the frigates Constitution, Constellation, Chesapeake, United States and Philadelphia out on dry land.

The suppression of a conspiracy and Nation he labored incessantly to suppress, and the supremacy of the State. That Administration was but a hundred years ago, and today National Government is a reality. The first Inauguration of the new century is founded upon the principles laid down by Hamilton, carried on by Clay, Webster, and other statesmen of the day; the same for which Grant led the forces of the Government, and for which Abraham Lincoln died.

The second Inaugural of Mr. McKinley gave unbounded evidence of the interest of the citizenship of the Republic in this National celebration. The great majority rejoice in the new birth of loyalty and devotion in the steadfast performance of National obligations, and in the increase of respect for the United States throughout the world.

It is in order for the critic, here and there, who is bound to be censorious, denouncing the extravagances of Inaugural ceremonies as an unrepentant in spirit. It is as old and familiar as the lamentations of Jeremiah, to which few listen, and never those who visit Washington every four years to see their President inaugurated, and would be disappointed were there no illuminations, flags, music and flying squadrons to emphasize the coming

of the central figure of the Nation. The change of status in the Republic is shown equally as strong by the superb work of the newspapers as in the ceremonies themselves. One hundred years ago a half column in the daily papers told the story of the Inaugural. The first Inaugural of this century took quadruple sheets of illustration and text to give to the world some idea of its magnitude.

No Administration since those of Washington and Lincoln has been so pregnant with events as the one just closed.

A Nation that was founded by Washington and preserved by Lincoln was guided by McKinley until the archduke's guns of the sea in the East and in the West took the beneficent folds of the American flag.

We rest it all with the future historian, feeling assured that the Administration of Mr. McKinley, viewed from correct perspective, will chronicle a course in the path of the Nation which will lead the United States into a glorious and triumphant career.

When the battalion of Porto Rican troops came marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, superb in action and manly in appearance, every heart thrilled with the

for the enjoyment of the privileges contained in the American Constitution—the developed power, courage and the blessings which are now the heritage of the American citizen; to the Boxers in China he can say we have not sent our little battalions of our own men, our own Chaffee, and other Admirals and Generals, in case of an emergency.

The incident in China gave the United States opportunity to confirm its position as a world power, and must be recognized as a factor with the Governments of the world in the settlement of Oriental disputes. The most gratifying result, after all, of President McKinley's Administration is that he has proved a safe pilot through rough seas and tortuous routes, and that in his patriotic desire for the good of this Republic he has left no duty undone to bring about a united country, North, South, East and West again reap the benefits that accrue to a Nation which is the envy of the countries of the world.

We have told our last story, and must rest for the present. We will leave other out for the days and years to come. That it will be woven in threads of gold that will illumine the history of this Republic we have no doubt. We will follow with keen enthusiasm the strong traditions that lead the Nation, and with benediction on the heads of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt we close the Stories of the Inaugurals.

Veterans in the City.
C. N. Hanson, Co. D, 234 Ohio, Washington, Kan. Comrade Hanson is the city soldier.

Augustus J. Washburn, Co. H, 29th Me., Vineland, N. J. Comrade Washburn is Commander of Lyon Post, of Vineland.

Comrade W. H. Stoner, 23rd Ohio, Waco, Tex. Comrade Stoner, it will be seen, is a veteran of the President's own regiment, and was recently appointed by him Postmaster of Waco.

Comrade J. D. Walker, Knapp's Bat-

teries, is the only one of the group who is not a veteran of the Civil War.

The country here is wild in the fullest sense, giving no evidence of the occupation of the land. The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

The country is a vast, unbroken expanse of rolling hills and valleys, with a few scattered farms and a few small towns.

ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

of the Colonel's command. Our brass band will also go back with the train. The mounted police were sent to Kearny, and I never heard anything more of him. The only wheeled vehicles accompanying us will be one ambulance and our little battery of four howitzers, commanded by Second Lieut. Geo. D. Bayard, of Co. G, and manned by a detail of dismounted cavalrymen.

After fitting out our pack-train, a certain number of mules being allotted to each company, we pack up and cross the river, leaving the train of wagons, with its escort, to proceed at leisure to Fort Kearny, right down the river.

Our pack-mules, being new to the business, need the attendance of one man to lead each mule at first, with a few Mexicans, or old soldiers who understand packing, to superintend the train. After a few days' training the mules could be managed in the Mexican fashion; that is, three or four mules would be strung out in single file, a steady and gentle one being selected for leader, the middle-rein of the next being tied to the first one's tail, and so on. The Mexicans, or detailed packers, riding along the flank, to see that in case of a pack becoming disarranged, they would be quickly readjusted without stopping the entire train.

As soon as a packer notices that a pack is settling loose, or anything wrong, he quickly pulls the mule of the trail, slipping a hand (carried on his horse's head) over the eyes of his riding animal, to make it stand quietly, dismounts and readjusts the pack as quickly as possible, remounts the blind mule and hurries the mule up to his place.

Some of the mules selected for packing are the little pot-bellied Spanish mules, as they appear to take to the business quite readily, and will follow a train like a dog. But American mules do not take to it as easily, and require constant watching or leading.

After crossing the Platte we followed down the south bank for two or three days, then struck out for the south-east, under the guidance of old Fall Leaf, the leader of our Delaware guides and scouts.

Col. Sumner has brought with him from Fort Kearny a party of Pawnees, as guides and scouts, rightly judging that their hereditary and implacable hatred of the Cheyennes would prompt them to thoroughly scour the country in search of any sign of the hostiles.

Our scouts think they can find the Cheyennes, although the trail we are following does not seem at all fresh. In several places we passed old camps of the enemy, but they do not seem to have been recent. I noticed one of these camps, and saw the remains of a fire, and a few scattered articles of clothing, but no trace of the Indians.

In one or two instances the remains were hoisted up on the top of a cliff, and securely tied there, wrapped in a buffalo robe or blanket. No tree was handy the corpse was placed on a sort of scaffold made by setting up four stout lodge-poles in the ground.

They seem to have a great aversion to the idea of the wolves eating their dead, but so seriously object to the burial of the dead that they will not allow any of their warriors to be buried in the ground, in any cases they bury their dead in the ground, in which instance, after protecting the body by a framework of bent willows, they fill the basket with stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, so that the wolves cannot dig up the dead.

The country we are now traveling over is dreary, desolate and barren; no timber, little grass, and water scarce; no game; weather dry and hot. We are repeatedly cautioned to keep our arms and ammunition in good order and handy. Consequently we lie down at night, each man with his head on his saddle, and saddle blanket for both head and cover, with a few stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, so that the wolves cannot dig up the dead.

This is a common practice also with white men on the plains, to prevent the wolves from digging up the dead.

The country we are now traveling over is dreary, desolate and barren; no timber, little grass, and water scarce; no game; weather dry and hot. We are repeatedly cautioned to keep our arms and ammunition in good order and handy. Consequently we lie down at night, each man with his head on his saddle, and saddle blanket for both head and cover, with a few stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, so that the wolves cannot dig up the dead.

When this order was first published from headquarters some of the officers seemed to think that it did not apply to them, as they furnish their own horses. But "Old Bull" soon gave them to understand that it applied to every mounted soldier, and soldiers in the command, and thenceforth required company officers to so much at the head of their companies. (To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Trooper's adventures continue to be sufficiently thrilling to satisfy his ambition for dangerous exploits.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

Some time ago the men who wanted "it" got on the force of the police of the District of Columbia made such a plea against the age and disability of the veteran, that they had the man confined pending appointments to those who had served in the army or navy repealed. But the veterans are pretty lively fellows, and the same. Recently Policeman Thomas Markwood, who has been on the force ever since his discharge from the army, and is nearly 80 years old, had a sharp struggle with a vigorous young negro, who had stolen a pair of shoes. The negro broke away, but Markwood overtook him and in a scuffle downed him, and was sitting on him when he arrived.

NOTICE.—The man who claims to be my brother isn't my brother at all. Don't lend him any money.

CHARLES A. CULBERSON.
United States Senate.

It will not be very long before Senator Culbertson, of Texas, will be forced to print an advertisement like the above in every paper in the United States.

Some one is traveling over the country representing himself to be Senator Culbertson's brother. Sometimes, in his gayer moments, he says he is the Senator himself. He has been in New York and in Chicago, and when last heard from was in Louisville, where he had called upon Judge Walter Evans. The impostor generally selects some ex-Member of Congress as his victim, especially if the ex-Member is a member of the House with Senator Culbertson's father. He always has a plaintive tale of how he has been robbed of his last cent, and gives assurance that his father will make good, and make everything all right. The size of the loan is not an object. He will take anything that is offered, from \$1 up to \$10.

The figures show that there are 19,446 resident officers-holders in Washington, not including the employees of Congress. They receive \$19,028,867.72 in salaries annually. The largest number—5,314—or about one-quarter the whole, are citizens of the District of Columbia, but while New York has much less than twice as many, they get more than half as much pay. Thus the 5,314 District of Columbia people get \$4,097,248.18 a year, while the 12,132 New Yorkers receive \$2,025,002.54.

Maryland comes next with 1,365 people, who get but little over half as much as the New Yorkers—\$1,190,942.02. Pennsylvania has fewer than Maryland, but they get a great deal more money—1,255, who receive \$1,428,613.01. Virginia has more than Pennsylvania, but they only get about two-thirds as much pay—1,225 people; \$1,031,097.99 salaries. Ohio has only 837 people, but they get nearly as much as the Virginians—\$974,376.01. At the bottom of the list stands Arizona, who has only six employees, receiving \$8,887 salaries.

The artillery officers are protesting very energetically against that part of the Army Bill which puts the corps of

of the Colonel's command. Our brass band will also go back with the train. The mounted police were sent to Kearny, and I never heard anything more of him. The only wheeled vehicles accompanying us will be one ambulance and our little battery of four howitzers, commanded by Second Lieut. Geo. D. Bayard, of Co. G, and manned by a detail of dismounted cavalrymen.

After fitting out our pack-train, a certain number of mules being allotted to each company, we pack up and cross the river, leaving the train of wagons, with its escort, to proceed at leisure to Fort Kearny, right down the river.

Our pack-mules, being new to the business, need the attendance of one man to lead each mule at first, with a few Mexicans, or old soldiers who understand packing, to superintend the train. After a few days' training the mules could be managed in the Mexican fashion; that is, three or four mules would be strung out in single file, a steady and gentle one being selected for leader, the middle-rein of the next being tied to the first one's tail, and so on. The Mexicans, or detailed packers, riding along the flank, to see that in case of a pack becoming disarranged, they would be quickly readjusted without stopping the entire train.

As soon as a packer notices that a pack is settling loose, or anything wrong, he quickly pulls the mule of the trail, slipping a hand (carried on his horse's head) over the eyes of his riding animal, to make it stand quietly, dismounts and readjusts the pack as quickly as possible, remounts the blind mule and hurries the mule up to his place.

Some of the mules selected for packing are the little pot-bellied Spanish mules, as they appear to take to the business quite readily, and will follow a train like a dog. But American mules do not take to it as easily, and require constant watching or leading.

After crossing the Platte we followed down the south bank for two or three days, then struck out for the south-east, under the guidance of old Fall Leaf, the leader of our Delaware guides and scouts.

Col. Sumner has brought with him from Fort Kearny a party of Pawnees, as guides and scouts, rightly judging that their hereditary and implacable hatred of the Cheyennes would prompt them to thoroughly scour the country in search of any sign of the hostiles.

Our scouts think they can find the Cheyennes, although the trail we are following does not seem at all fresh. In several places we passed old camps of the enemy, but they do not seem to have been recent. I noticed one of these camps, and saw the remains of a fire, and a few scattered articles of clothing, but no trace of the Indians.

In one or two instances the remains were hoisted up on the top of a cliff, and securely tied there, wrapped in a buffalo robe or blanket. No tree was handy the corpse was placed on a sort of scaffold made by setting up four stout lodge-poles in the ground.

They seem to have a great aversion to the idea of the wolves eating their dead, but so seriously object to the burial of the dead that they will not allow any of their warriors to be buried in the ground, in any cases they bury their dead in the ground, in which instance, after protecting the body by a framework of bent willows, they fill the basket with stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, so that the wolves cannot dig up the dead.

This is a common practice also with white men on the plains, to prevent the wolves from digging up the dead.

ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

of the Colonel's command. Our brass band will also go back with the train. The mounted police were sent to Kearny, and I never heard anything more of him. The only wheeled vehicles accompanying us will be one ambulance and our little battery of four howitzers, commanded by Second Lieut. Geo. D. Bayard, of Co. G, and manned by a detail of dismounted cavalrymen.

After fitting out our pack-train, a certain number of mules being allotted to each company, we pack up and cross the river, leaving the train of wagons, with its escort, to proceed at leisure to Fort Kearny, right down the river.

Our pack-mules, being new to the business, need the attendance of one man to lead each mule at first, with a few Mexicans, or old soldiers who understand packing, to superintend the train. After a few days' training the mules could be managed in the Mexican fashion; that is, three or four mules would be strung out in single file, a steady and gentle one being selected for leader, the middle-rein of the next being tied to the first one's tail, and so on. The Mexicans, or detailed packers, riding along the flank, to see that in case of a pack becoming disarranged, they would be quickly readjusted without stopping the entire train.

As soon as a packer notices that a pack is settling loose, or anything wrong, he quickly pulls the mule of the trail, slipping a hand (carried on his horse's head) over the eyes of his riding animal, to make it stand quietly, dismounts and readjusts the pack as quickly as possible, remounts the blind mule and hurries the mule up to his place.

Some of the mules selected for packing are the little pot-bellied Spanish mules, as they appear to take to the business quite readily, and will follow a train like a dog. But American mules do not take to it as easily, and require constant watching or leading.

After crossing the Platte we followed down the south bank for two or three days, then struck out for the south-east, under the guidance of old Fall Leaf, the leader of our Delaware guides and scouts.

Col. Sumner has brought with him from Fort Kearny a party of Pawnees, as guides and scouts, rightly judging that their hereditary and implacable hatred of the Cheyennes would prompt them to thoroughly scour the country in search of any sign of the hostiles.

Our scouts think they can find the Cheyennes, although the trail we are following does not seem at all fresh. In several places we passed old camps of the enemy, but they do not seem to have been recent. I noticed one of these camps, and saw the remains of a fire, and a few scattered articles of clothing, but no trace of the Indians.

In one or two instances the remains were hoisted up on the top of a cliff, and securely tied there, wrapped in a buffalo robe or blanket. No tree was handy the corpse was placed on a sort of scaffold made by setting up four stout lodge-poles in the ground.

They seem to have a great aversion to the idea of the wolves eating their dead, but so seriously object to the burial of the dead that they will not allow any of their warriors to be buried in the ground, in any cases they bury their dead in the ground, in which instance, after protecting the body by a framework of bent willows, they fill the basket with stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, so that the wolves cannot dig up the dead.

This is a common practice also with white men on the plains, to prevent the wolves from digging up the dead.

The country we are now traveling over is dreary, desolate and barren; no timber, little grass, and water scarce; no game; weather dry and hot. We are repeatedly cautioned to keep our arms and ammunition in good order and handy. Consequently we lie down at night, each man with his head on his saddle, and saddle blanket for both head and cover, with a few stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, so that the wolves cannot dig up the dead.

When this order was first published from headquarters some of the officers seemed to think that it did not apply to them, as they furnish their own horses. But "Old Bull" soon gave them to understand that it applied to every mounted soldier, and soldiers in the command, and thenceforth required company officers to so much at the head of their companies. (To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Trooper's adventures continue to be sufficiently thrilling to satisfy his ambition for dangerous exploits.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

Some time ago the men who wanted "it" got on the force of the police of the District of Columbia made such a plea against the age and disability of the veteran, that they had the man confined pending appointments to those who had served in the army or navy repealed. But the veterans are pretty lively fellows, and the same. Recently Policeman Thomas Markwood, who has been on the force ever since his discharge from the army, and is nearly 80 years old, had a sharp struggle with a vigorous young negro, who had stolen a pair of shoes. The negro broke away, but Markwood overtook him and in a scuffle downed him, and was sitting on him when he arrived.

NOTICE.—The man who claims to be my brother isn't my brother at all. Don't lend him any money.

CHARLES A. CULBERSON.
United States Senate.

It will not be very long before Senator Culbertson, of Texas, will be forced to print an advertisement like the above in every paper in the United States.

Some one is traveling over the country representing himself to be Senator Culbertson's brother. Sometimes, in his gayer moments, he says he is the Senator himself. He has been in New York and in Chicago, and when last heard from was in Louisville, where he had called upon Judge Walter Evans. The impostor generally selects some ex-Member of Congress as his victim, especially if the ex-Member is a member of the House with Senator Culbertson's father. He always has a plaintive tale of how he has been robbed of his last cent, and gives assurance that his father will make good, and make everything all right. The size of the loan is not an object. He will take anything that is offered, from \$1 up to \$10.

The figures show that there are 19,446 resident officers-holders in Washington, not including the employees of Congress. They receive \$19,028,867.72 in salaries annually. The largest number—5,314—or about one-quarter the whole, are citizens of the District of Columbia, but while New York has much less than twice as many, they get more than half as much pay. Thus the 5,314 District of Columbia people get \$4,097,248.18 a year, while the 12,132 New Yorkers receive \$2,025,002.54.

Maryland comes next with 1,365 people, who get but little over half as much as the New Yorkers—\$1,190,942.02. Pennsylvania has fewer than Maryland, but they get a great deal more money—1,255, who receive \$1,428,613.01. Virginia has more than Pennsylvania, but they only get about two-thirds as much pay—1,225 people; \$1,031,097.99 salaries. Ohio has only 837 people, but they get nearly as much as the Virginians—\$974,376.01. At the bottom of the list stands Arizona, who has only six employees, receiving \$8,887 salaries.

The artillery officers are protesting very energetically against that part of the Army Bill which puts the corps of

of the Colonel's command. Our brass band will also go back with the train. The mounted police were sent to Kearny, and I never heard anything more of him. The only wheeled vehicles accompanying us will be one ambulance and our little battery of four howitzers, commanded by Second Lieut. Geo. D. Bayard, of Co. G, and manned by a detail of dismounted cavalrymen.

After fitting out our pack-train, a certain number of mules being allotted to each company, we pack up and cross the river, leaving the train of wagons, with its escort, to proceed at leisure to Fort Kearny,